

MITTELDORFER'S

STUPENDOUS SHOWING OF HOLIDAY GOODS TO-MORROW!

By Far the Largest Stock of
TOYS IN RICHMOND!

Headquarters for Beautiful, Useful and
Inexpensive Christmas Gifts!

DOLLS!

Dressed Dolls, 10c. to \$10.
Undressed Dolls, 5c. to \$10.
Unbreakable, 10c. to \$2.50.
Baby Dolls, 10c. to \$2.50.
Boy Dolls, 10c. to \$2.50.
Dolls of every kind and every price.
New Mechanical Toys, every kind.
Automobiles, 10c. to \$5.
Steam Engines, 10c. to \$2.50.
Steam Trains, \$1.49.
Trains on Track, 40c. to \$2.50.
Express Wagons, 10c. to \$5.
Iron Wagons, 40c. to \$10.
Buck Boards, \$1.49.
Go-Carts, 10c. to \$10.
Baby Carriages, 20c. to \$10.
Wheelbarrows, 10c. to \$5.
Velocipedes, \$1.19 to \$10.
Tricycles, \$2.08 to \$10.
Willow Rockers, 40c. to \$5.
Chairs, 10c. to \$2.50.
Blackboards, 40c. to \$2.50.
Desks, 40c. to \$10.
Sleds, 20c. to \$2.50.
Twin Sets, 10c. to \$2.50.
Pianos, 40c. to \$10.
Beds and Cradles, 25c. to \$5.
Doll Furniture, 40c. to \$2.
Tool Chests, 10c. to \$1.98.
Foot-Balls, 40c. to \$2.50.
Stoves, 10c. to \$5.
Trunks, 20c. to \$2.
Magic Lanterns, 25c. to \$5.
Iron Banks, 5c. to \$1.50.
Doll Houses, 25c. to \$5.
Nickel-plated Passenger Trains, 25c. to \$2.
Hobby Horses, \$1.25 to \$5.
Swinging Horses, \$1.98 to \$5.

GAMES OF ALL KINDS—BOOKS.

Iron Toys of every kind, from 10c. to \$5.
Drums, 10c. to \$2.50.
DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR TOY DEPARTMENT.

Big Sale of Xmas HANDKERCHIEFS

Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 10c.
Lovely line of Lace and Embroidered Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 10c.
Ladies' and Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c. to \$2.00.

What's Better Than FURS for Xmas Gifts?

Our assortment now at its best.
French Coney Scarfs, cluster, 98c.
Large French Coney Muffs to match, 98c.
Subtle Scarfs, 72 inches long, \$4.98.
Large Pillow Muffs to match, \$4.98.
Blended Brook Mink Scarf for, \$1.49.
Large Pillow Muff to match for, \$2.98.
Big Collection of CHILDREN'S FUR SETS, 98c. to \$10.00.

WRAPS! WRAPS!

Great Xmas Sale.
Some Remarkable Bargains To-Morrow.

\$2.98 for Tan Kersey 27-inch Jacket, loose or semi-fitted back, with or without collar and belt.
\$4.98 for Three-Quarter Tourist Coat or Kersey Coat, loose or fitted back, with collar or collarless, in tan, brown, castor, blue or black.
\$7.98 for regular \$15 styles.

Give us a look; prices and qualities will surprise you.

NEW NECKWEAR

for Christmas Presents.
Xmas Gifts in Newest LEATHER GOODS!

Collar and Cuff Boxes, from 40c. to \$5.00.
Dressing Cases, 40c. to \$5.00.
Carriage Bags, fitted with card case, purse and vinegrette, black, brown and tan, 49c.
Shopping Bags, newest shapes, 40c. to \$5.00.
Children's Hand Bags, 10c.
NO TROUBLE TO MAKE A SELECTION HERE. VAST DISPLAY OF CHOICEST HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL CHRISTMAS.

"To the Least of These."

By FLETCHER FIELDING.

"Must you go?"
There was a tone of appeal in his wife's voice that made John Rusk stir uneasily as he gazed out of his study window. A slight expression of pain passed over his face followed by a steady glitter in his eyes and hard severe lines about his mouth that bespoke the man of finance.
"I see no way out of it, my dear," he replied, slowly and absently.
There was a pause. A sweet childish voice broke the stillness, and a plump little figure topped by a mass of golden curls burst into the room. She looked at her mother for a moment, then exclaimed, "Where's Daddy gone?"
John Rusk turned quickly and held out his arms. His wife and his little Doris were very dear to him.
"Daddy, my got some great, big sweaters, and some great, big dolls, and cake, and toys, and my take 'em to houses and parties, 'cause," Doris stopped. Evidently the cause was indistinct in her mind.
John Rusk smiled. "What is the cherub saying?" he queried.
"Governess has been telling her how

we shall take Santa Claus' gifts to the poor children to-morrow, and have a little party at each house," volunteered his wife.
The smile died away as he kissed Doris good-bye. His wife went up to him, placed both hands upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face. "John," she said, seriously, "to-morrow is Christmas. Our own little darling will ask for you in the morning to show you her toys; and what shall I tell her? This horrid business! John, you do not know how I hate it. It is wearing you out. It is depriving Doris and me of our loved one. And it isn't necessary." There were tears in Mrs. Rusk's eyes.
John stood irresolute for a moment. Then that same glitter came to his eyes, and he said, briskly, "There, there, Margaret. If you feel so about it I shall give up my seat on 'Change. I promise you this shall be the last deal; but I must go. I really must go to-day. I shall only be gone a few days."
He kissed her gently, picked up his valise and was gone.
Mrs. Rusk sat for a long time gazing blankly into space. The last! How of-

ten had he said that before, and yet how often new schemes came up which seemed to have an irresistible hold upon him, and require his whole time; and what did it profit? They did not need more earthly goods. It was the husband and father they wanted, she and Doris, and while their little darling called in her own baby way: "Where's daddy gone?" her own heart cried out in an agony of loneliness.

But Margaret was brave, and the happiness of Doris was her first consideration. In the afternoon she took her down into the heart of the big city among the great stores, packed with people and Christmas confusion. They bought great quantities of toys and dolls and other childish delights for their Christmas trip among their poor neighbors. It was part of Mrs. Rusk's course of training for Doris.

"Santa Claus sometimes misses some little girls," she told Doris, "because he cannot get down their chimneys. But he gives us money to buy toys and dolls and candies for them." All of which Doris seriously considered.

It was late when they started homeward. The crush and jam and haste of the last shopping day delayed their car a long time. But the tedious wait gave Doris an insight into humanity. She watched the passing crowds with eyes wide open with interest. She was too young to realize the difference between poverty and wealth, too young to understand why that old, gray-haired duffer, hobbling along in threadbare clothes amongst the richly gowned men and women, was jostled and pushed and elbowed aside. When the old man walked to a box and sat down with his head bowed in his hands she looked up to her mother in childish wonder.

"Muvver, did Santa Claus send any money for him?" she asked.
She went up to him and held out a silver dollar. "It's wot my got from Santa Claus for you," she said.
The old duffer's face lighted with joy. "Bress yo' little heart, Missy," he exclaimed. "I've done gwine hunt ole Chris dis 'very night an' tell him to bress yo'."

While Mrs. Rusk looked on with pleasure, beaming from her pretty blue eyes, John Rusk gazed upon the same scene from his office window with a strange thrill in his breast, and eyes that were suspiciously moist. And in the rush to his train he saw it again. It became a persistent vision that somehow affected him greatly. He knew his loved ones to be the embodiment of all that was good and noble and grand, and he knew that they were utterly unselfish in their efforts to make others happy, spreading happiness where it was needed.

He stopped suddenly. That word struck him with a strange force, and with the realization of his own great fault. He had been very unhelpful of the happiness of his own family. An almost irresistible impulse to turn back seized him, but figures endless, hectic masses of figures were hurrying in his brain, whirling before him like some fascinating demons. The bright, dazzling half-circle of electric lights over the great arched doorway of the depot was transformed into a set of grinning devilish figures. The people who rushed frantically within became human figures with long, grasping, bony hands beckoning him to follow. They were drawing him slowly into a horrible maelstrom, with a powerful magnetism from which he could not escape. In the din and confusion, he heard the usher shouting, "Buffalo Express! last call!" The figures shouted, "Come, Come!" Then the loud clang of a gong, mingled with the cry, "All aboard!" heavy iron gates squeaked as they rolled shut, and all was suddenly quiet.

The lone man still stood before the great doorway. Though the night was cold he mopped great beads of perspiration from his brow, and bared his heated head. Then his shoulders, which had but a moment before been stooping under an unbearable load, suddenly became squared and erect; his head was thrown back, and his eyes assumed their one time clear, calm expression, and John

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 369.

CHRISTMASTIDE SENTIMENTS.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Other selections from Thackeray, together with his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already appeared in this series. The parable of Dives (Dives, accent on the first), is in the gospel of Luke in the Bible.



THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends:
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time:
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night!—with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age:
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men,
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys,
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys,
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift,
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed,
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will.
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.



This series began in 'The Times-Dispatch' Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Rusk turned and walked briskly, firmly homeward.

Dawn came on Christmas morning clear, crisp and beautiful, an emblem of the heralded peace and good will. And it came tenfold to two souls which would otherwise have been barren. But their happiness was mild compared with that which came later when Doris gazed in her own quaint, serious way each toy, and the dolls' house beneath the tree, and expressed her delight in shrieks of

laughter.
"Oh! Muvver and Daddy, see dolls my got. Hers Muvver you hold d's on you lap. Daddy, see candles, see great, big owens my got."
Daddy had hidden behind the morning paper. Mrs. Rusk wondered if his interest in the market had not yet subsided. But when John looked up his face was serious.
"It is not the market, my dear," he said. "Read that."
Mrs. Rusk read the appalling story of disaster to which John pointed, the

frightful plunge into the river of the Buffalo Express through an open draw, and finally the entire extermination of the passengers in the sleeper "Budy-milou."
He watched her expression as she read. When she raised her head she was pale and breathless. "The Endymion!" she gasped. "And your berth was lower, No. 11."
"Daddy! Daddy! What did Santa Claus bring you?"
John told his wife and his little girl

to him. "Life, my dears," he replied, "life and happiness."

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Other selections from Kipling, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.
The tamarisk is a date tree or a tree of the date family. "Ghat" is a mountain pass. Rama is the hero of the Ramayana, an epic poem of Hindostan. "Heimweh" is German for "homesickness." "Conchos" are spiral musical wind instruments made of shell.



IM down behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron yellow—
As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the riverside, each calling to his fellow
That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.
Oh, the white dust on the highway! Oh, the sténches in the byway!
Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry—
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and staring—
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is past all hope of caring,
To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly—
Call on Rama—he may hear perhaps your voice!
With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—
As at Home the Christmas-day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!
Oh, the toll that knows no breaking! Oh, the Heimweh, ceaseless, aching!
Oh, the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.
Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fullness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together—
As the sun is sinking slowly over Home:
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a lifelong tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we roam,
Hard her service, poor her payment—she in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind,
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls begin their chorus—
As the conches from the temple scream and bray,
With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,
Let us honor, O my brothers, Christmas-day!
Call a truce, then, to our labors—let us feast with friends and neighbors,
And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For if "faint and forced the laughter," and if sadness follow after,
We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By MISS MULOCK.

Other selections from the poems of Miss Mulock (who became Mrs. Craik), her portrait, autograph and biographical sketch have already been printed in this series. The following verses are sung to the old English tune, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen."

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

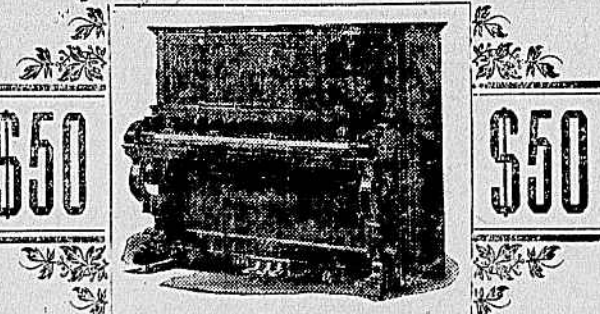
God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.



Burrelle's Clipping Service
Will advise you which papers are friendly to you.
BURRELLE, N. Y.



A MISTAKE IN OVERBUYING CAUSES US TO MAKE A REDUCTION OF \$50.00 ON EVERY

PIANO

in our store in order to make room for our January stock for which we have contracted. It is a well known fact that our original prices are lower than any in the city.

CHICKERING PIANOS

HEAD THE LIST OF OUR
HIGH GRADE PIANOS,
Including the
ARTISTIC DAVENPORT & TREACY PIANO.

USED PIANOS.

Here is a list of Pianos that have been slightly used. They include pianos of well known makers. Buy one of these for Christmas. The price is so low it will take very little of your money. They are in perfect condition—guaranteed.

- One WHEELLOCK, full size upright.
- One FISCHER, full size upright.
- One BROWN & SIMPSON, full size upright.
- One BRADSHAW, full size upright.
- One HARDMAN, full size upright.
- One DUNHAM, full size upright.
- One WESER, full size upright.
- One KNABE, full size upright.
- One J. P. HALE, full size upright.

Square Pianos, \$15.00; in Fine Condition, \$65.00.

FERGUSON BROTHERS,
11 West Broad Street.

Tuning and Repairing a Specialty.